HOR ACE,

EPODE II.

IMITATED.

Inscribed to his GRACE the

DUKE of DORSET.

By the Rev. SAMUEL SHEPHERD.



DUBLIN:

Printed by George Faulkner in Essex-street, MDCCLIV.

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EPODE M

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Inferibed to his GRACE the

DUKE of DORS BY

By the Rev. Samer Smirner.



D'UBLIN:

Printed by Groner Parishin in Figure Freing MPCCLIV. **************

HORACE,

E P O D E II.

TO RATUS illo, qui procul negoti's, Ut prisca gene mortalium,

IMITATED, &c.

s clottes omni feenore:

s A

HORAOT.

E P O D.

O D E

BEATUS ille, qui procul negotiis, Ut prisca gens mortalium,



Paterna rum Bebus exercet spis.

A 3

Nec

Mec excitatur classico miles truci,

Piec horrot iratum mare;

Peliciones inferit;

HORAGE,

EPODE II.

THE PARSON'S bleft, whose Living clear
Brings him five hundred Pounds a Year:
(Old Time might tell you, if he wou'd,
When BISHOPRICKS were scarce so good;
And prove, if Walcott's Bill had past,
They'd scarce be half so good at last.)

Snugg in his Parsonage, at Ease,

He chats; he studies; or he prays:

Landlord himself—— the Glebe's his own;

He pays no Rent; he sears no Dun;

And, if no Plough his Pastures see,

The Parish plows—— and why should He?

Nec excitatur classico miles truci, Nec horret iratum mare;

Forumque vitat,

et superba civium

He chars, he fludles, or he ma

Potentiorum limina.

Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos;
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inserit;

Aut in reducta valle mugientium

Prospectat errantes greges; ald since and HH me

Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris; and a Aut tondet infirmas oves, wor the delegant Thio)

Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput is paragram.

Autumnus arvis extulit, og de Mad ed ed ed by de Ut gaudet infitiva decerpens pyra,

Certantem & uvam purpuræ, molas I all manua?

Quâ muneretur te, Priape, & te, Pater and Inches I

16H blood gilw bas - exclading Libet

Let the Drum beat! the Trumpet found!
His Lot is cast in peaceful Ground:
Let the Winds rage! the Waters roar!
His Foot is safely fix'd on Shore.

From Courts, Episcopal or Lay,
Wisely he keeps his Steps away:
Nor envies, in his Easy Chair,
The Twelve-months Pride of my Lord May'r.

To OTHER Joys HIS Thoughts incline:
Gently he trails the curling Vine;
Marks if yon Peach unfruitful spread,
And buds a better in its stead;
Or, wildly scatter'd thro' the Vale,
Hears the Cows lowing for the Pail;
Or leaves his plunder'd Hive to mourn;
Or sees his future Mutton shorn.

In Autumn, when his Orchards shed Their ripen'd Treasures round his Head, How pleas'd the gen'rous Pulp he tries! How well the flowing Vatt supplies! The Juice of his own Grasts refines! And makes it vie with Gallick Wines! Nectareous Juice! that might aspire To treat his Bishop, or his Squire!

Beneath

Libet jacere modo sub antiqua Ilice,
Modò in tenaci gramine:
Labuntur altis interim rivis aquæ;
Queruntur in silvis aves;
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.

At cam totantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat;
Aut trudit acres, hinc & hinc multa cane,
Apros in obstantes plagas;
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdis edacibus dolos;
Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem,
Jucunda captat præmia.

How well the howing Vitt (spulles). The Joice of his own Ofalis regines! And makes it vie with Called Wines!

Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,

Hæc inter obliviscitur?

Car seigns u.Z.

Beneath an Oak, what need he spread His Limbs? or make the Grass his Bed? Won't Cushions in his Arbour plac'd Invite to Study? or to Rest? Friend of his Solitude, the Dove Cooes from the Depth of yonder Grove: His noisy Shores if LIFFY beats, Eccho the soften'd Sound repeats; And penn'd, as gentle Murmurs creep, His Sermons must invite to Sleep.

When Frost the struggling Earth enchains,
And Snow's white Mantle spreads the plains;
The leaden Death he points aright,
Short'ning the giddy Woodcock's slight.
The wiley Fox if Hounds pursue,
Or keep the trembling Puss in View;
He mounts his Grey, in sober Sort,
And, free from Falls, enjoys the Sport:
Safe on some Spot of rising Ground,
His Eye surveys the Country round;
Catches each Double of the Chase;
Sees, when her Pantings thick encrease;
Then spurs his willing Steed, to share
The Glory ---- and secure the Hare.

Thus easy, need his Passions rove?

Or what has be to do with Love?

incumulation,

[[40]]

Quod fi pudica mulier in partem juve O na disease Domum atque dulces Liberos, alega 10 f chail all (Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus Pernicis uxor Appuli) (flost or to tybus or estival Friend of his Solitude, the Dove Copes from the Depth of vonder Grove's Sacrum vetustis extruat lighis focum, and whom all Lassi sub adventum vici: hame? hamed and odoo! And penn'd, as gentle Murmurs creep, Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus, Distenta siccet ubera : milion il solutioni milio Et horna dulci vina promens dolio Dapes inemptas apparet: Short ning the riddy Woodcock's flight. The wiley Fox if Hounds purfue. O. leep the trembling Putt in View . Non me He mounts his Greet in fiber Sort. Act, fee from Fells, onlove the Spe Safe on found Spot of Alling Ground. His Eye Inveys the Country round Catelies each Double of the Chale: Lucrina juverint conchylia, Tradical in 18008 Magif've rhombus, aut scari, Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus Hiems ad hoc vertat mare: Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum, Non attagen Ionicus

Jucundior,

[[:11:]]

But, if a chaste and tender Wife (Some Kitty copied to the Life; Just fuch as She, when Fortune clear Winds up the Bottom of the Year; And hope of Plenty takes the Part Of her just, frugal, gen'rous Heart) When he returns from riding round Chill'd with the Tempest, or half drown'd; Hastes, with each prating Girl and Boy To meet him with a Kiss of Joy; Fans the brisk Fire: relieves his Toil: And gives his Guests a welcome Smile; Helps round her unbought Boil'd and Roaft; And urges free the temp'rate Toast: Who wou'd not find an higher Feast In one such Joint of honest Taste, Than all the pamp'ring Pride of Books? And all the Masquerade of Cooks? And all the Sawces, they retail To mingle Death with ev'ry Meal?

Not the best Dainties of the Main;
Not Turbot, jellied in Champagne;
Not All, the inland Game supplies;
Not Ortolans; nor Partridge-pies;
Try'd in this Scale, wou'd weigh one Farthing,
Bought for the Club; — and cook'd by Bardin.

Lut, if a chefee and tender Wife

Haftes, with each prating Oid and Bow

s han all the pampining Pride of Books?

Selection National of Column 1

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Lought for you a wife -- and cook

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And urger direction that tump the

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redi selembi od tio L

Jucundior,

quàm lecta de pinguissimis

Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, & gravi
Malvæ falubres corpori:

Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus; Vel hædus ereptus lupo.

Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves

Videre properantes domum!

Positosque vernas, ditis examen domne Circum renidentes lares!

Give me a Shoulder, or a Chine,
That never tasted Grass but mine!
Be mine the Chickens! and the Ham!
The young-egg'd Fowl! or Christmas Lamb!
The plump round Pig, as white as Snow!
(No matter, whether Tyth'd or no)
Sallad, and Greens! for Health, and Use,
The best my Garden can produce!
These! and a Pudding for the Boys!
Can Luxury give equal Joys?

Then, when the chaste Repast is o'er, And Friendship asks a Toast no more; Suffic'd; not sated: how sedate, He draws off to his learn'd Retreat! Where the wise Rules, by Sages, shown He ponders, or reviews his own! Some fav'rite Author's Thread pursues; Or courts the inosfensive Muse!

Chear'd, or improv'd; his infant Train Invite him to a softer Scene:
And blending Innocence with Mirth,
He blesses the Parental Hearth.
His Servants from their Work retire:
Crowding they close the Kitchen-sire:
Indulge their Jokes: and as they please,
Soften their Industry by Ease.

· Hice ubi locutus

fenerator Alphius, har neven tan'T

That never is to exist a family and the Hamil

Jam jam futurus rusticus:

t he plump sound 1:8; estimate estimated in a (No matter), whether Tydr'd or no)

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Thefe! and a Padding for the Bays! Can Luxury give equal Joys?

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Chear'd, or improvid. Its incan Tein Invite him to a forest Secure.
And blonding Inducence with Name.
He files the Pirendal House.
His dervants from their Walerche.
Crowding they close the stankerships they close the stankers him and a chest of the stankers.

Soften their Labelby by E. S.

So Shepherd fung: and fo fincere, That, what he fung, he'd almost swear.

Mix me, oh! mix me with this Tribe!

Make Me the Parson I describe!

Like Alphius! if my Heart's so mean

To barter Happiness for Gain!

If e'er new Projects I explore!

Or wander for Contentment more!

If e'er!--- Unless, in some good Time,

Unteiz'd by Friends; un-plagu'd by Rhyme;

(To bless six Children and a Wife,

The Comforts, but the Cares, of Lise;)

Your Grace, in Bounty, shou'd think sitting

To grant my Age a Stall to sit in.

14th April, 1753.

nA

FINIS.

So Siepler dung: and for ûncere, That, what he fung, be'd almoft five f.

Make the charge of the mixture with this Tribs!

Make the Parlon I deferibed

Like A', had if my Hear's formean

To barder Happinels for Gain!

If e'er new Projects I explore!

Or wander for Contemment mote!

If e'er! _ _ _ _ _ _ _ Units, as fonce good Time,

Unitsied by Priends, co-plagu'd by Rhyme;

(To blots fix Children and a Wife,

The Contest the Children and a Wife,

Your Gan's a for Bounty, thou'd think fitting

Your Gan's a fixed rolfs in.

RINIS